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SPEAKING OF WONDERS.

When the sun refuses to rise in the East,
When the smallest part ceases to be the least;
When cream will sink and pig-iron will float
And a captain admits that he raced his boat
In an ocean event where he wasn't first;
When the pessimist swears off fearing the worst,
When the Sullivan picnic without a free fight
And the dawn forgets to follow the night—
Then wonder may strike the average man
That again "Maine goes Republican."

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day
by Recognized Authorities.

RELIEF OF GALVESTON.

By
WILLIAM F. KING,
President Merchants' Association.

NEW YORK will not be behind in its efforts to promptly aid in alleviating the suffering in Galveston. Yesterday steps were taken by this organization to form a committee of New York's most representative citizens to raise necessary funds. This afternoon a meeting will be held at the rooms of the Association by those who have consented to serve on that committee for the purpose of outlining the work to be done.

From the telegrams received from the Governor of Texas it would appear that money is needed more than clothing and food supplies. With the money, which can be sent by telegraph, food supplies, etc., can be purchased in nearby markets, such as St. Louis, Mo.; St. Joseph, Mo.; New Orleans, La.; Port Worth, Tex., etc.

This great city, which is known all over the world for its charity, will now, as in the past, respond most liberally and promptly to the call for aid from the sufferers in Texas, especially those in Galveston.

We have wired the Governor of Texas asking him to specify just what is needed besides food, clothing, blankets, sheets, coats, medical supplies, all of which will be needed in large quantities, can be bought more advantageously here than in Texas and can be shipped direct to points where they are most required.

Whatever is necessary to be done to alleviate the suffering will be done quickly and done well. Our committee is composed of a large number of men representing nearly every walk in life.

The main committee will be subdivided into committees representing different lines of industry, so that subscriptions of whatever is wanted can be solicited in a systematic manner. New York is fully alive to the exigencies of the case.

William F. King

A DAINTY LUNCHEON DISH.

FRESH, crisp rolls may be prepared daintily for luncheon by cutting them in two lengthwise, taking out the soft interior and filling them with mixtures of various kinds. Hard-boiled eggs, chopped and seasoned with just enough French dressing to soften them, are good for the purpose. Another suggestion calls for chopped apples and nuts, with a little mayonnaise.

For sweet fillings ripe, soft peaches, cut up fine and sprinkled with a little powdered sugar, and, if they are to be eaten at once, a spoonful of whipped cream are delicious. Jams and preserves may be used similarly. A combination of jam with soft cream cheese is liked by many persons.

Laura Jean Libbey



FORGIVE THE ERRING HUSBAND.

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MR. L. B. writes me as follows:

"Dear Madam: Will you kindly advise me in regard to the following: I have been married ten years, but three years of that time I have lived apart from my husband."

"I have one child, who lives with me. My husband was good and kind the first few years, and then suddenly proved false, which caused the separation. He now wishes to have me come back to him. What ought I to do?"

My earnest advice to you, my dear, is to go back to your husband on your child's account, if you can find even a remnant of respect for him still lingering in your heart.

Remember, "To err is but human"—on your part the forgivewould be divine."

This man is to your child, what no other man on earth can be—the parent God gave the little one; and as such, no matter what his sins may be, there will always be a faithful love in the child's breast for him. You married this man for better or for worse, my dear; that is the holy vow registered against your name in the Angel's Record Book on High; therefore, swerve not from your duty.

There is nothing sadder in this world than for a family to drift apart in life. If death comes and bears the husband from the wife or the wife from the husband, there is a grave to weep over—a most solemn sight for the children, to kneel upon and strewn with flowers watered by their tears.

Heaven pity the children who are brought to the cruellest sorrow of all—the heartache—that the parent whose love and devotion to them should have been as true and steadfast as Heaven itself has deserted them and the mother who bore them!

Can a stern's smile compensate the erring husband for the loss of his child's trust? No, a thousand times no!

It is not often that a man who has plunged into this fatal path repents. Aye, scarcely one in ten thousand.

If one shows a disposition to do so, hold out a strong, womanly, loving, helping hand to him, remembering only the goodness that illumined the first years of your wedded life, not his after fall.

By your sweetness, nobility and womanly virtues win him back to his old love for you.

And you will have a joyous helper in your dear little child, whose baby heart must often silently yearn for papa.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.
Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

FRANCE IN ENGLAND.

THE invasion would be at the mouth of the Thames, we landing our troops simultaneously at Herts Bay and Southampton. Early the same morning a number of thousands will have quietly been landed under London Bridge, and a French fleet would insure communication between the banks of the river, while two armies would march on London, one taking Chatham on the way, and the other proceeding by Tilbury and Barking.

A few dozen torpedoes skilfully sunk in front of Rotherhithe would bar the entrance to the Thames of the British fleet, and the tide would convey the rest of the French troops on lighters (chalandes) to the heart of the city—La Patrie.

EARLY FALL WALKING COSTUME.

Walking costume of nickel gray cloth. The front of the skirt and the bolero are trimmed with stitched bands of the material alternating with bands of white silk set on underneath.

The sleeves are stitched on the outside and around.



the wrist, and have an inserted wedge-shaped piece of the white silk at the shoulder. The plastron and wide girdle are composed of alternate bands of white and blue silk. The plastron is covered with yellowish lace and trimmed with tiny straps of black velvet.

★ INVITATIONS TO THE LAUGH ★

TOO FAR AWAY.



Phyllis—I suppose you had plenty of fresh milk at the farm-house where you boarded last summer?
Phyllis—Oh, no! We were nearly one hundred miles from the nearest city.

SEEMED THAT WAY.



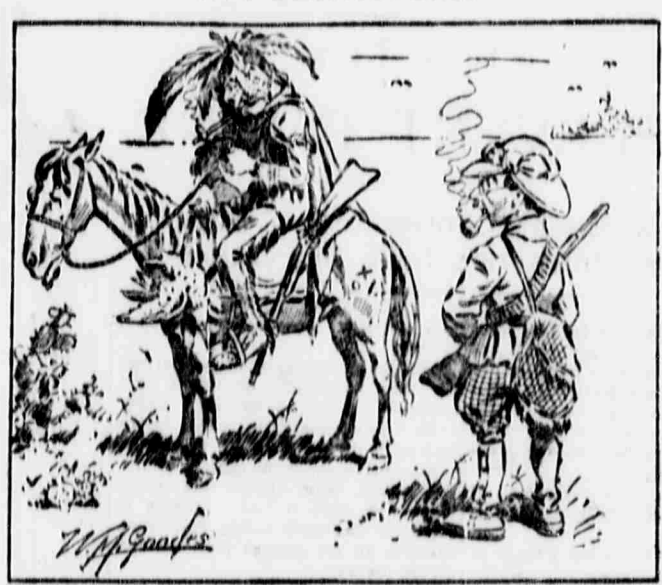
"Have you read 'How Men Propose'?"
"No! I never did care for fiction."

MANNERS.



Mrs. Hippo—My daughter, remember that whenever you yawn you must hold your fan before your face, thus.

NOT PARTICULAR.



Sweet hunter—how! Did you shoot these birds on the wing?
Chief Don't-Like-Much-Chin—Injun shoot him in head, tall, wing, feet, anywhere. Injun, no care, so he get 'um."

MAKERS OF HEROES.

Billieus—The modern military reputation depends largely upon opportunity. Cynicism—Yes—and press agents.

CONSISTENCY.

Wigg—Why did Skinnum shave off his whiskers?
Wagg—I suppose he wanted to live up to his reputation of being a bare-faced fraud.

SHE GAVE NOTICE.

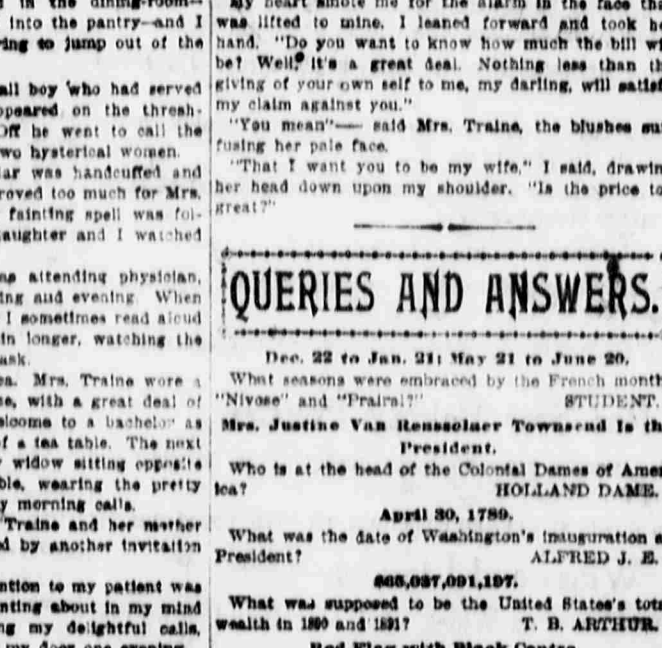


Mistress—Mandy, I understand you have left your husband.
Mandy—Yes'm, but he oughten't to kick; I done give him er week's notice.

WHEN TO DOUBT.

Hoax—Do you think there's anything in this rumor of a new Trust that's gaining currency?
Joak—Sure, it's only in case, the rumor had it, that the Trust wasn't gaining currency that I'd be inclined to doubt it.

AN INCENTIVE.



Visitor—Does your mamma give you anything for being a good boy?
Willie—No, ma'am; but she gives me a 'lickin' when I ain't.

SAM P. JONES ON THE CURSE OF SCANDAL-MONGERS.



Talk is cheap. This is the on-year in politics, and the scandal-mongers will soon be entertaining the court people at the court-houses, at the cross-binders, such as Bryan and Roosevelt, will meet their audiences in the great auditoriums and open-air meetings. Of course, each side putting the best light upon their own principles and policies, the other side doing the same thing for theirs, and both magnifying the faults and bad policies of the other.

I don't believe much that one politician says about another politician of different politics from himself. Really, I don't believe much I hear "no-how." Like Billy Nye when he was caught snoring. A gentleman punched him and said, "Wake up, your snoring disturbs us." Billy replied: "I was not snoring." The man replied: "You were snoring, sir." Billy said: "How do you know I was snoring?" "I heard you," said the gentleman. "Law," said Billy, "stranger, you can't believe half you hear these days."

I am by politicians like I am by scandal-mongers. You can make a heap of allowance and then, as the Negro says, "low some more before you get it straight."

The average person does not weigh his words nor appreciate what he says. It is also true that the average hearers do not give much weight to words and assertions. A hog at his strop, a dog eating Bologna sausage, a vulture at work on the carcass are so much higher animals than scandal-mongers that they ought not to be mentioned in the same week, or the same year, or the same decade.

I think some people talk too much because they have got nothing else to do. I think some people talk because they are on such a low plane that they would like to talk other people down on a level with them. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the scandal-monger is talking about his betters or her betters. It is as true to-day as ever, the purest characters have suffered most from this tribe of vultures. Each community has some noble wife, some good mother or daughter, that has been the prey of these scandal-mongers.

The devil is going to be dissatisfied with some of the gang that is put off on him. In my judgment, I think the devil wants some folks that I know he is going to get would lower my estimate of him, his intelligence and his sense of what decency demanded. I don't believe the devil will get anybody that he ought not to get, but I do believe that he is going to get some that he would not have been sorry if he had missed.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. If Mrs. Snipes tells Mrs. Scorgins that she saw Mary Jane Brown wink at Billy Smith that is foundation enough. The next you hear of Mary Jane Brown she has wrecked her character and blasted her life, when the real foundation for the beginning of the report was that Mary Jane Brown batted her eyes because it was her nature to.

If there is anybody that I love to run after and associate with it is people who keep their tongues from evil and their lips from speaking gossamer; who backbite not with their tongues nor do evil to their neighbor.

A person who will slander a man or slander a boy is a bad citizen but the person who will blast a woman's character is a devil incarnate, infernal in every instinct of their nature. Yours,
SAM P. JONES.

Russia's Birth Rate.
There is annually an excess of 1,500,000 births over deaths in Russia, and Siberia is the natural outlet of this overflow.

Chicago's Detectives.
Mr. and Mrs. Weinberg, the Kansas City couple, have been captured after two years of eluding the globe by Chicago detectives.

WHEN ODELL WAS A BOY.



A picture of the Republican candidate for Governor of the State of New York as he looked at the tender age of three years. Drawn from an old photograph.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER TO-DAY ANSWERS UNHAPPY WIVES AND TROUBLED HUSBANDS.

Mrs. Ayer will answer questions—
ON MONDAYS, about the Baby.
TUESDAYS, of Perplexed Lovers.
WEDNESDAYS, of Unhappy Wives and Troubled Husbands.
THURSDAYS, of Beauty Seekers.
FRIDAYS, of Inquiring Housekeepers.
Letters without names and addresses will not receive attention. The names are not for publication. Write on one side of paper only.

The Husband Is Wrong.

DEAR MRS. AYER:
I have a husband who earns \$15 a week, and he allows me only \$5 to run the house with, pay gas bills, pay 50 cents to insure weekly, beer every night, and besides I have four children, two, five, seven and ten years old. Now if I take this expense out of the \$5 there is only \$3 left for me to put even breakfast, some dinner and some supper on the table with, and this is impossible for me to do. When I have

some sewing to do so I can earn money, all right. But if I have nothing to earn money I have to borrow or pawn something.

I count up every penny in my book and show it to my husband, but he doesn't believe me. He says I can write anything on the paper. He says \$5 is more than plenty to run the house with. Sometimes I cry day and night, breaking my heart how to come out. Some friends told me I should cook while the \$5 lasts me and then I should ask my husband for more money, and if he didn't give me more then I shouldn't ask anything.

He likes to go like a gentleman and belong to societies, but he doesn't like to give me money for anything at all.

THIS is a very pitiful case, and one that appeals to me. I am sure this little woman is writing truthfully of her condition.

My advice would be to take the \$5 a week and use it with great economy just as far as it will go, then stop. After you have prudently spent the \$5 I should allow the husband to come home to an empty table. I think in such a case as this the man would discover the way he must stand in the matter, and very few men are willing to see their children suffer for bread and butter. When the \$5 is gone take your friend's advice and ask for more. I think you will get it.

Don't scold. Fault-finding is never a useful argument. After the money is spent—don't want—you can

certainly not make purchases until you are provided with more. Do not be afraid of this man, and above all things do not get angry. Keep an account and show it to him. Let him see just how selfish he is.

Husband a Bowling Friend.

DEAR MRS. AYER:
I have a husband who is a bowling fiend and who likes to play cards. Last winter he only stayed at home when he was obliged to rest himself. He seldom gets in until the small hours in the morning. He often comes home intoxicated. When I upbraid him for it he gets disagreeable and doesn't speak to me for a month or so. He is hardly ever pleasant. He always seems to be mad about something. We are married three years and have a lovely boy almost two years old. We also have a beautiful little home and I keep it right up to the mark, but I am getting so weary of it all that I think if he starts in again this winter I shall pack my trunk and run away with my baby to Chicago, as I am a first-class dressmaker.

MR. AYER:
I have ever talked this matter over with my husband quietly, without upbraiding him and without tears or angry words.

You have everything in the world to live for if you can win your husband back again, and I think you can. For the sake of the little one try to come to an

understanding. Why don't you suggest joining a bowling club yourself with your husband? I know of two or three women who did so in order to be with their husbands and to come home with them. (No one of these women liked bowling, but each grew fond of the game, and in two or three cases the companionship at the bowling club grew so agreeable to the husband that he was unwilling to engage in the amusement without his wife. Try in every way to make peace between yourself and your husband.

A Wife's First Duty Is at Home.

DEAR MRS. AYER:
I have been married but a year and had to leave everything behind, as I am the only one here in this country of a loving family. I have no means for care for to see my friends, and I have a strong ambition in keeping myself tidy, but that seems impossible for me now, as I have no pin money whatever. Before marriage I was able to earn a fair living, and even help my family, and I would yet do so by going out working, just not with all the housework, as my health is kind of failing, if my husband took any meals out it would be possible. Could I tell him to do so? He knows my wants, but doesn't seem to take any interest in them. His own are always attended to. He is considered to be an exemplary young man, and is so in many respects, but I don't think he understands how to care for his wife. I am sure he loves

me, as he treats me kindly, and I love him too much to tell him my disappointments. I feel that a woman cannot live on love only as long as she has ambition to keep herself as a woman.

MR. C. P.
OUR first duty is to provide your husband with comforts at home. I do not think you should expect him to get his meals outside of his own house. If you love your husband why cannot you talk to him in a friendly way about the matter?

I think you must be a very good woman, and you must understand that I mean to be kind when I assure you that you would be taking a wrong step in following out your idea of righting yourself of your housework. If you were to talk with your husband, just as you have to me, inasmuch as you love each other, I think he would do his part to make both your lives happier.

Should Have Agreed Before.

DEAR MRS. AYER:
My wife and I were married by a Protestant minister. My wife is an Episcopalian and I am a Catholic. My wife wants to bring the children up in her faith and I want to bring them up in mine. Please let me know what I am to do.

MR. AYER:
This is a very important subject in one which should have been discussed and decided before marriage. Your wife has the same right that you have. The fact that you were willing to be married by an Episcop-

copian suggests that you are not a very strict Catholic, because, as you know, one of the first rules of the Church is that its children must be married by a Roman Catholic priest and that their offspring must be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. There are no differences, in my opinion, between man and wife so unfortunate and so unnecessary as those concerning religious matters.

The best thing that you can do now will be to allow your wife to take part of the children under her wing while you guard the others in their religious life. But unless you are equal to this very grave responsibility and will set them a proper example I will advise you to let your wife bring the children up in her own faith. If you undertake to divert them from their mother's religion you assume a very grave responsibility.

A LOVER'S DEFENSE.

WE commend this London tale to the Mayor of Peru, Ill., who frowns on the lovers who pass by night: "A man charged yesterday at Pease with pocket-picking at the Crystal Palace on Bank Holiday made an ingenious defense. He called his sweetheart as a witness, and she said the accused had his right hand round her waist all the time he was passing the turnstile, and could, therefore, not have been carrying the pockets of strangers. The man was given a good character by his employer, and, being allowed the benefit of the doubt, was discharged."